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E LITTLE CLASSIC SERIES.

The Robin Redbreast Book

A.FLANAGAN COMPANY

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PUBLISHED BY

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY CHICAGO

# The Robin Redbreast Book

N. MOORE BANTA

A. FLANAGAN COMPANY CHICAGO

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### THE STORY OF THE ROBIN

I am sure you know this bird. You know him well. You have seen him many times.

Mr. Robin is a well-known bird. He hunts worms in every garden and dooryard. We know him as well as we do the English Sparrow. And we like him much better.

The Robin belongs to the Thrush family. He is sometimes called the Red-breasted Thrush. Sometimes he is called Robin Red-breast.

The Robin is a large song bird. He is ten inches long. He is quite a little larger than the Bluebird.

Mr. and Mrs. Robin are the same size, but they are not quite the same color. Mr. Robin has a black head. His breast is bright reddish-brown.

There is a light spot above and below the eyes. His throat is white, streaked with black. He is somewhat whitish below the tail.

Mrs. Robin has less black on the head. She has a paler breast. She looks very nearly like Mr. Robin in the autumn.

The young Robins have a reddish-brown breast, spotted with black.

Robins go south in the late autumn. They do not go till October or November. They go in flocks.

Sometimes they stay north all winter. They stay all winter in the warmer parts of the north.

They go north early in the spring. They go north in March. It is still cold when they make this trip. They do not mind a little cold weather.

The Robin is a sweet songster. He sings a loud cheery song. His song is a loud cheery carol.

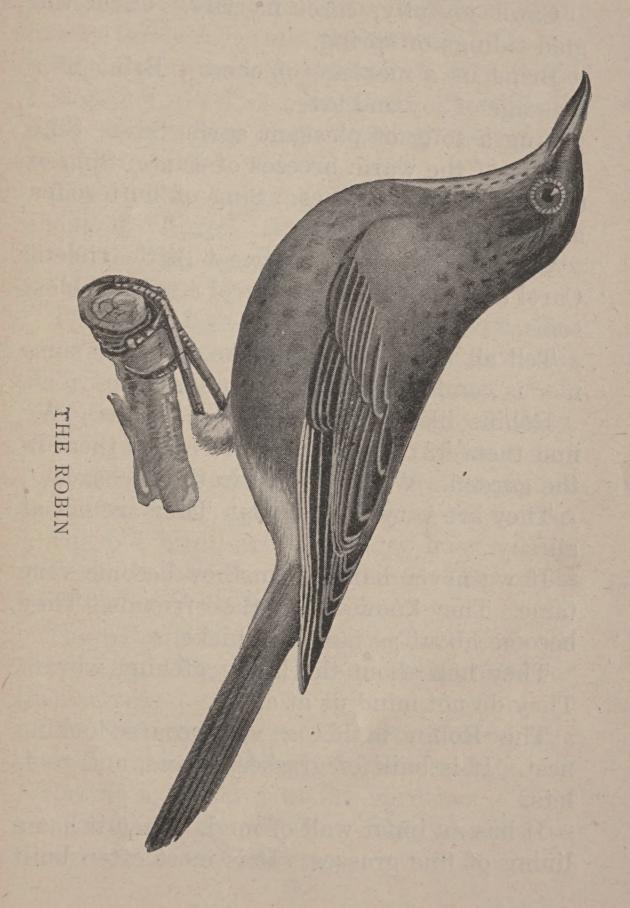
Carol, Robin, carol. Carol a merry song. We like to hear your loud cheery carol.

Sing us a song of the May morning. Sing us a beautiful roundelay. Sing us a song of the sunshine of June.

Tell us of the flowers of May. Tell us of sweet June roses. Carol to us of the glad sunrise.

Carol to us of the golden sunset. Carol a song of the morning dewdrops. Carol a song of the sparkling dew.

Tell us of the April showers. Tell us of the May days.



Carol joyfully, carol merrily. Carol the glad tidings of spring.

Bring us a message of cheer. Bring us a

message of joy and love.

Sing a song of pleasant springtime. Sing a song of the warm breezes of June. Sing of the leaves on the trees. Sing of buttercups and daisies.

Carol a song of the sweet little violets. Carol a song of flowers. Carol a song of blossoms.

Tell all the flowers to wake up. For summer is coming, and springtime is here.

Robins like to live near our homes. We find them in the dooryard. We find them in the garden. We find them in the orchard.

They are very tame birds. They are not at all shy.

If we never harm them they become very tame. They know we are their friends. They become about as tame as chickens.

They hop about the lawn catching worms. They do not mind us at all.

The Robin builds a very coarse-looking nest. It is built of grasses, leaves, and rootlets.

It has an inner wall of mud. Then it has a lining of fine grasses. It is most often built in fruit or shade trees. It is built from about five to thirty feet from the ground.

The Robin does not build in a bird house. It does not like a nest closed up. It will build on a shelf. Sometimes nesting shelves are put up for them.

The Robin sometimes builds in odd places about dwellings. A little nook or corner about the house or barn makes a fine nesting place.

The Robin lays from three to five eggs. The eggs are of a greenish hue. We know this color by the name of Robin's egg blue.

The first eggs are laid in April or May. The eggs soon hatch out baby Robins.

These dear little baby birds are hungry all the time. They eat great numbers of worms.

The old birds are kept very busy. They must hunt food for themselves. They must hunt food for the baby Robins.

The baby birds grow fast. They are soon able to fly. They are able to gather food for themselves.

The old birds then raise a second brood. The second brood is hatched in June or July.

Robins are useful to the gardener. They are useful to the farmer. They destroy so many worms and insects.

Robins are very fond of berries. They like cherries very much.

We should feed Robins in bad weather. We should protect them from the cats. We should put out a bird bath for them. They are very fond of bathing.

They will then like to live about our homes. They will sing to us their beautiful songs.

The Robins are very valuable birds. We will always protect the Robins.

ROBIN, ROBIN REDBREAST
Robin, Robin Redbreast,
Singing on the bough,
Come and get your breakfast,
We will feed you now.

Robin likes the golden grain, Nods his head and sings again: "Chirping, chirping cheerily Here I come so merrily, Thank you, children dear."

Robin, Robin Redbreast, Trill your roundelays; Trill a song of sunshine, And of happy days. Carol of the happy hours,
Carol of the pretty flowers:
"Trilling, trilling cheerily,
Here I come so merrily,
Thank you, children dear."

—Adapted.

WHAT ROBIN TOLD ME
How do Robins build their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me:
First a wisp of yellow hay
In a pretty round they lay;
Then some shreds of downy floss,
Feathers, too, and bits of moss;
Woven with a sweet, sweet song,
This way, that way, and across.
That's what Robin told me.

Where do Robins hide their nest?
Robin Redbreast told me:
Up among the leaves so deep,
Where the sunbeams rarely creep;
Long before the winds are cold,
Long before the leaves are gold,
Bright-eyed stars will peep and see
Baby Robins, one, two, three.
That's what Robin told me.

—Selected.

### ROBIN REDBREAST AND THE CHIL-DREN

### Robin:

See my black cap. See my red vest. My vest is bright rusty red. My coat is grayish slate-color.

I like my black cap. I like my red vest. I like my grayish coat. My cap, coat, and vest keep me warm. I think they are pretty. I like to wear them.

I am a large song bird. I am ten inches long. I am larger than Bluebird.

### John:

Why don't you stay here all winter, Mr. Robin? We will feed you. You don't mind a little cold, do you?

### Robin:

We don't mind the cold so much. But we like worms to eat. We can't get them when the weather is cold.

So we go south in the autumn. We go in October or November. We find plenty of worms there then. In March we go north.

### Jim:

You are a pretty bird, Mr. Robin. I like your bright rusty red vest. I like your

grayish slate-color coat. I like your pretty black cap.

Mrs. Robin looks like you. Her clothes are a little paler color.

### Jane:

I like your pretty song, Mr. Robin. It is a sweet carol. You sing of happy days. You sing of happy hours. Have you a nest, Mr. Robin?

### Robin:

We built a nest up in a tree. Mrs. Robin is there now. We built our nest of grass and leaves. We stuck it together with mud. We lined it with fine grasses.

Soon there were three eggs in it. The eggs were greenish blue. Now there are three baby Robins in the nest.

Baby Robins are always hungry. We catch worms for them. We work hard to feed our baby Robins, one, two, three.

Their wings will soon grow strong. Then they will fly away.

### John:

Will you please sing again? I like to hear your sweet song. Sing your song of the April morning. Carol your song of flowers.

### Alice:

Carol about the sunrise. Carol your song of roses. Tell us about the June morning. Tell us about summer showers.

### George:

Sing a song of sunshine. Please sing it over. Thank you, Mr. Robin. We shall always be kind to you.

### O ROBIN DEAR

Good-by, good-by to summer!

For the summer's nearly done;
The garden smiling faintly,
Cool breezes in the sun.

Our thrushes now are silent,
Our swallows flown away,
But Robin's here with coat of brown,
And ruddy breastknot gay.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
Robin sings so sweetly
In the falling of the year.

Bright yellow, red, and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts.

The scanty pears and apples,
Hang russet on the bough;
It's autumn, autumn late,
'Twill soon be winter now.

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And what will this poor Robin do?
For pinching days are near.

The fireside for the cricket,

The wheatstack for the mouse,
When trembling nightwinds whistle
And moan all round the house.

The frosty ways like iron,

The branches plumed with snow,
Alas! in winter dead and dark,

Where can poor Robin go?

Robin, Robin Redbreast,
O Robin dear!
And a crumb of bread for Robin,
His little heart to cheer!
—Wm. Allingham.

DEATH OF COCK ROBIN
Who killed Cock Robin?
"I," said the Sparrow,

"With my bow and arrow, I killed Cock Robin."

Who saw him die?
"I," said the Jay,
"It was a sad day,
And I saw him die."

Who caught his blood?
"I," said the Loon,
"With my little spoon,
And I caught his blood."

Who sewed his shroud?
"I," said the Quail,
"With my little toenail,
And I sewed his shroud."

Who shall dig his grave?
"I," said the Owl,
"With my little trowel,
And I'll dig his grave."

Who'll be the Parson?
"I," said the Rook,
"With my little book,
And I'll be the Parson."

Who'll be the clerk?
"I," said the Lark,
"If it's not in the dark,
And I'll be the clerk."

Who'll carry him to the grave?
"I," said the kite,
"If it's not in the night,
I'll carry him to his grave."

Who'll carry the link?

"I," said the Linnet,

"I'll fetch it in a minute,
And I'll carry the link."

Who'll be chief mourner?

"I," said the Dove,

"I mourn for my love,
And I'll be chief mourner."

Who'll sing a psalm?

"I," said the Thrush,
As she sat in a bush,

"And I'll sing a psalm,"

And who'll toll the bell?
"I," said the Starling,
"For our dear darling,

And I'll toll the bell;"
And so, Cock Robin, farewell!
—Adapted.

### WISHING

Ringing! ringing! I wish I were a primrose, A bright yellow primrose, blowing in the spring,

The stooping boughs above me,
The wond'ring bee to love me,
The fern and moss to creep across,
And the Elm Tree for our king.

Oh, no! Oh, no! I wish I were a Robin,
A Robin or a little Wren, everywhere to go;
Through forest, field or garden,
And ask no leave or pardon,
Till winter comes with icy thumbs,
To ruffle up our wing.

-Wm. Allingham.

# THE STORY OF THE SCARLET TANAGER

Here is one of our most beautiful bird friends. He belongs to the Tanager family. We call him the Scarlet Tanager.

Notice his black wings. He is also called the Black-winged Redbird.



The Scarlet Tanager is not quite as large as the Robin. He is about the size of the Bluebird. The Scarlet Tanager is a little over seven inches long.

In the spring he is brilliant scarlet. His wings and tail are black. He is, indeed, a most beautiful bird.

In the autumn he looks like Mrs. Scarlet Tanager. She is olive-green above. Her wings and tail are dark. They are lightly margined with olive. Underneath she is a greenish yellow.

The Scarlet Tanager is one of our sweetest song birds. His song is clear and pleasing. It sounds much like the song of the Robin. It is a loud cheery carol.

He carols joyfully and merrily. He carols the glad tidings of summer. It is a song of cheer and happiness. It is a jolly and joyous song. It is a song of the warm breezes. It is a song of the growing flowers.

He sings of the cherry and apple blossoms. He tells us leaves are on the trees. He tells us lilacs are blooming. He sings a song of red roses. It is a song of glee. It is a message of cheer. When the Scarlet Tanager sings we know summer is here.

He likes to build his nest in the lower

branches of trees. The nests are very loosely made. They are built of twigs, rootlets, and weed-stalks. They are lined with fine tendrils and blossom stems.

These birds lay from three to four eggs. The eggs are pale bluish green. They are somewhat spotted with brown.

It does not seem that one of these tiny eggs would turn into such a beautiful bird. Well, when they first hatch they are not so beautiful. They are little fuzzy baby birds. They have big mouths and they are always hungry.

All baby birds eat a great deal. It takes much insect food to raise these baby Scarlet Tanagers. The old birds are kept very busy. They catch worms and moths. They catch caterpillars and beetles.

Some they feed to the baby birds. Some they eat themselves. They also eat some small fruits and berries.

The baby Scarlet Tanagers grow rapidly. They are soon able to take care of themselves.

The Scarlet Tanagers stay in the north only in warm summer weather. They do not like cold weather.

They go south in early autumn. They travel in October to the far south. The sunny

south suits them the best for winter.

They go north late in the spring. It is May before we hear their song. It is summer when they come.

The Scarlet Tanager is a very beautiful bird. He is one of our sweetest songsters.

He destroys many harmful insects. He protects the orchards. He protects the trees. He is a very useful bird. We will protect the Scarlet Tanager.

### BLACK-WINGED REDBIRD

Beautiful bird
With scarlet coat;
Hear the music
Leap from his throat.

Black is his tail,
And black his wings;
But joy to the heart
Is the song he sings.

His voice is as rich
As the coat he wears;
It drives away grief,
It drives away cares.

He carols a song
So sweet and clear
We know that summer
Is surely here.

Then off like a flash
Of fire he goes,
Singing a song
Of the sweet wild rose.

He sings of his babies
Up in the nest,
Watched by the mother,
Safe 'neath her breast.

Beautiful bird
Of black and of red!
May bessings rest
Upon your head!

# THE STORY OF THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

See this black and orange bird! Don't you think he is beautiful? It is a beautiful Oriole. It is the Baltimore Oriole.

He is one of the most beautiful of the Oriole family. All the Orioles are beautiful birds.

The Baltimore Oriole is sometimes called Golden Robin. These birds are seven and one-half inches long.

Mr. Baltimore Oriole is orange and black. His head, neck, and throat are black. The upper part of his back is black.

His wings and tail are partly black. His wings are edged with white. His under parts are a deep, rich, reddish orange.

Mrs. Baltimore Oriole is not so beautiful as Mr. Baltimore Oriole. She is dull yellowish and gray.

See Mr. Oriole fly! How beautiful he looks. Fly again, Mr. Oriole. Fly to the tree. Fly 'round and 'round.

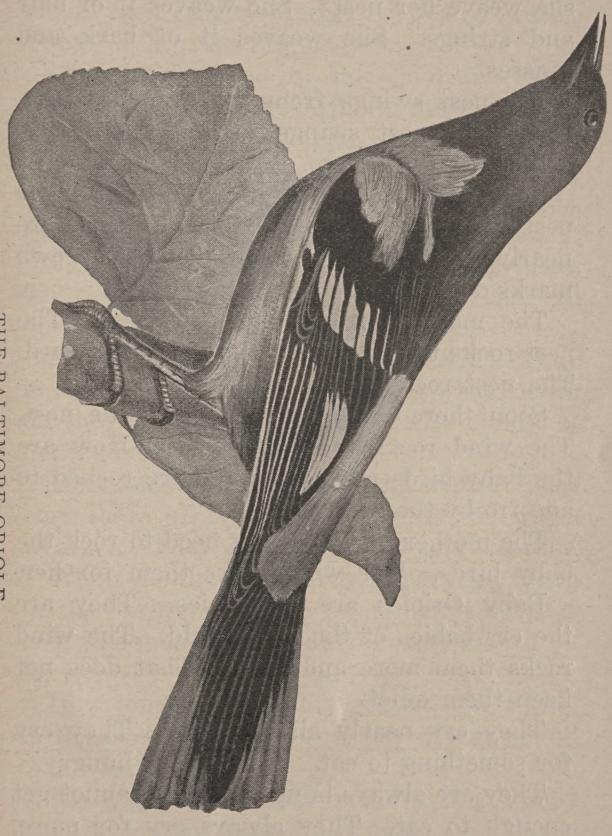
You are so beautiful! You look like a flash of fire when you fly.

These Orioles are friendly birds. They like to live near people. We like to have them live near us.

Where do they like to build their nests? They like to build their nests near our homes. We like to have them build their nests near our homes.

The Oriole builds a hanging nest. What a wonderful piece of work it is.

Where does the Oriole hang its nest? It hangs its nest from the branch of a tree.



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE

Mrs. Oriole weaves the nest. Of what does she weave her nest? She weaves it of hair and strings. She weaves it of bark and grasses.

The nest swings from the branches of a tree. The nest swings to and fro. It is rocked by the breeze.

Soon there are six eggs in the nest. The nest still swings to and fro. The eggs are nearly white. They have blackish brown marks over them.

The mother bird sits on the nest. The nest rocks to and fro. The wind blows hard. The nest rocks faster and faster.

Soon there are baby Orioles in the nest. The wind rocks the baby birds. How are the baby birds rocked? They are rocked to and fro by the breeze.

The mother bird does not need to rock the baby birds. The wind rocks them for her.

Baby Orioles are cry-babies. They are the cry-babies of the bird world. The wind rocks them more and more. That does not keep them quiet.

They cry nearly all the time. They cry for something to eat. They are so hungry.

They are always hungry. They cannot get enough to eat. They always cry for more.

The old birds are kept very busy. They must feed their hungry cry-baby birds. They catch grubs and worms.

They feed these to the cry-baby birds. But still the baby birds haven't enough. They always cry out again.

The old birds catch flies and caterpillars. They feed these to their cry-baby birds. Still the cry-baby birds cry for more.

They eat so much. They grow very fast. They soon fly away. Then they can get enough to eat.

How long do they stay in the south? They go south in the autumn. During what month do they go? They go during the month of September.

How long do they stay in the south? They stay there all winter. They like the warm weather. They do not like the cold weather.

When do they go north? They go north in the spring. During what month do they go? They go north during the month of May.

How long do they stay north? They stay in the north all summer. They like the summer weather.

We know when they come north. They tell us by their beautiful songs.

The Baltimore Oriole is a sweet songster. He sings a sweet song of the May morning. He sings a sweet song of the June morning.

He sings a sweet song of the happy summer days. He tells us that spring is the glad time of the year.

He tells us that summer is the weather he likes. He tells us that spring and summer bring the flowers.

His song is rich and clear. He sings his rich song again and again. His song is a rich whistle. It is a sweet warble.

He whistles his song over and over. He whistles a message of cheer.

He whistles a song of glee. He warbles a merry song. He warbles a joyful song.

It is a song of joy and love. It is a song of the flowers of May. It is a song of June roses. The air is filled with joy.

When the Oriole sings the sun shines brighter. The sky looks bluer. The breezes are warmer. The flowers are more beautiful. The day grows happier.

When the Orioles come north there are plenty of leaves on the trees. The orchards are in full blossom.

Then there are plenty of insects. They

live on insects. They like plenty of insects and warm weather.

They stay in the north only about four months.

Baltimore Orioles are among our most beautiful birds. We love their cheerful and beautiful songs. We love their songs of spring and blossoms.

We love their songs of joy and summer. When they arrive we know warm weather is here.

They bring us happiness. They bring us good cheer. We think of them together with blossoms and fine bird music.

They are among our most useful birds. They rid the garden and orchard of insect pests. We will protect the Baltimore Oriole.

### THE ORIOLE'S SONG

An Oriole sang
By his swaying nest;
"Of all bird homes,
My hammock is best.

"For I am a sailor,
I sail in the air;
My ship is a tree,
And it's anchored there.

"My little cry-babies
Are safe as can be
In my stout little hammock
Hung tight to the tree.

"In storm, in winds,
In sunshine fair,
My treasures are safe,
And I'm free from care."
—Selected.

### THE DEAR SONG BIRDS

All the dear song birds
Are with us again
Out in the orchard today;
Gaily the Oriole
Sang to its mate
"Winter has all gone away."

Whip-poor-will, Bob-o-link,
Chick-a-dee-dee,
Sweetly the birdies are singing,
Summer is coming
As sure as can be,
Hear the sweet lily-bells ringing.

Down by the brook In a blossoming tree, Rocked in a wonderful nest,
Six Little Orioles
Are crying, peep! peep!
Safe 'neath the mother bird's breast.
—Adapted.

# THE BROWN THRASHER AND THE CHILDREN

### Thrasher:

Good morning, children. I am glad to see you. Do you know me?

See my coat and cap of bright reddish brown. See my white vest with dark brown spots. See my long tail.

I am Mr. Brown Thrasher. I am over eleven inches long. I am longer than the Robin.

Mrs. Brown Thrasher looks like me. Her clothes are of a paler color.

### Teddy:

I like your song, Mr. Brown Thrasher. It is bright and cheerful.

### Emma:

It is clear and sweet. You carol of sunny hours. You carol of the spring morning. You carol of the spring flowers.

### Lorraine:

Now sing a song of glee. Sing of sunny

days. Sing a song of May.

Tom:

Sing a song of June. Carol a song of the bright blue sky.

Ralph:

When do you go south?

Thrasher:

We go south in October.

Elizabeth:

When do you return?

Thrasher:

We return to the north in April.

Edna:

Where is your nest, Mr. Thrasher? You must be singing about your nest. Sing to us about your baby birds.

Thrasher:

Mrs. Thrasher is now on our nest. We built our nest in a little bush. We made it of twigs and rootlets.

Four bluish white eggs were soon in the nest. Little reddish brown spots were all over the eggs.

Four baby Thrashers are now in the nest. Mrs. Thrasher is watching them. She will keep them from harm.

It takes many insects to feed our baby birds. Into their wide open mouths we



drop bugs and worms. These are good for baby Brown Thrashers.

Our baby birds grow very fast. They will soon fly away. Then they will catch insects for themselves.

### Clarence:

We like you, Mr. Brown Thrasher. You are a useful bird. We shall always protect you.

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